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Writing Assignment# 2: Writing A Scene

The sun is setting on the bay as I drive down the highway. On my right, I see the residents carrying their fishing gears and surfboards, disappear into the overpasses from their houses into the beach. As I pass them, I take a glance at my odometer; it says ninety mph. It does not sound like a ninety though: more like a fifty. New cars. I guess I just have to get used to it. I come up to the fishing boats soon. The damp smell of the sea weed and fish hit me, and the summer breeze hits my face.

The highway slowly caves into a regular avenue, and the shop-shacks pop-up on both sides. Ahead I see the top of my destination, the Montauk Lighthouse, the edge of Long Island. It is still a good four miles away. The avenue becomes rocky and the shops pass me, and I find myself surrounded by trees on the two sides. I turn the radio on and Chainsmokers start playing. I sing along as I drive through them, the lighthouse becoming more clearer and larger. The sun had completely disappeared, and the last rays are barely visible as the darkness engulfs them. The avenue had once again become a highway that curves itself into a U around the lighthouse parking space. I drive up into it as the last tourists leave. I park my car in a corner.

As I exit and lock the car, an elderly slowly walks up to me. Jimmy is in his sixties, wearing rimmed glasses and a bucket hat. He smiles and waves at me, "How's it going there? Back to paying respects, eh?" I grin as I pull out the surfboard from the top of my Jeep.